

The Nowhere Place, by Nicholas Briggs

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[Part One]

(Hiss, crackle.)

MOORE [OC]: Fighter carrier Valiant. Comms package alpha seven zero four. Transmitting at ship time thirteen forty hours, January 15th 2197. Executive officer Moore reporting. Captain Tanya Oswin commanding. Current position Pluto orbital path. Arrival on schedule. No enemy sightings, but advance scans indicate hostile raider activity during late December. Condition of high battle alert maintained. Standard defence drills in progress, rigorous schedule. We must be ready for the fight when it comes. Package ends.

OPERATIONS [Tannoy]: Attention, attention. This Operations Control. All Damocles pilots are instructed to maintain stand-by alert status. Maintain stand-by alert status.

ARMSTRONG: Stand-by alert status? Now that makes a change.

(Bell rings.)

ARMSTRONG: What? Who? O'Keefe, is that you prating about? (gasps) No. No, please, don't. I don't want to.

(Voices in distance. A door slides open.)

ARMSTRONG: Did you lot hear that?

O'KEEFE: What, Operations? Stand-by alert status.

ARMSTRONG: You didn't hear it.

MAN: Hear what, old son?

HAYMAN: Ooo, Armstrong's got the jitters.

(Laughter.)

HAYMAN: He's falling apart as we speak. Call the medics. Whoops, smash, too late. There goes his bottle. Is that what you were looking for, Maxilli?

ARMSTRONG: Has anyone ever told you you're hilarious, Hayman? No, I'm not surprised.

O'KEEFE: Armstrong, you look like you're going to throw up, man. What exactly did you hear?

ARMSTRONG: I, I don't really. Like a bell, but I felt it was like it was

HAYMAN: Bong! Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee.

ARMSTRONG: No, it was like, not like that. It was

OPERATIONS [Tannoy]: Attention, attention. This is an Operations alert. Scramble. Scramble.

O'KEEFE: Come on, Armstrong, don't just stand there, move!

ARMSTRONG: What? But I

O'KEEFE: Move it!

MOORE: Damocles Squadron now scrambling, Captain.

OSWIN: Thank you, XO. I take it the clock's running?

MOORE: It is, ma'am. If they don't get space-borne in less than four minutes, I will personally fry their asses.

OSWIN: Thank you, XO.

MOORE: O'Keefe has ignition, now Bold.

OSWIN: They're good, but then they always are. What about Armstrong? He's usually first.

MOORE: Maxilli, Hayman and Craddock now have ignition.

OSWIN: No Armstrong?

MOORE: No Armstrong.

OSWIN: Is he giving a maintenance alert?

MOORE: No, Captain. Optimum thrust on all fighters except Armstrong's. Do we launch without him?

OSWIN: Launch.

MOORE: (comms) This is XO Moore to Damocles Squadron. Launch, launch, launch. (normal) All launched craft on course and running smooth, leaving Pluto orbital path. Armstrong reports stalled.

OSWIN: Stalled? Recall Damocles fighters.

MOORE: What about Armstrong?

OSWIN: He's our finest pilot, and he just jeopardised the operational efficiency of Earth's front-line defences. Defences that all our lives depend upon. I want him in my office, now.

DOCTOR: There we are, that's better.
EVELYN: Panic over?
DOCTOR: There was never any panic.
EVELYN: You let your tea go cold.
DOCTOR: I was busy.
EVELYN: Panicking?
DOCTOR: All right, I'll concede that perhaps I was a little worried, for a short time.
EVELYN: About half an hour.
DOCTOR: Half? Really.
EVELYN: Shall I pour you another cup? I've made some more. Doctor, you're not listening, are you?
DOCTOR: What? Er, no. I mean, yes. Yes, everything's perfectly
EVELYN: Normal?
DOCTOR: Yes.
(Flicks switches, beeps.)
EVELYN: We were heading for Earth, am I right? Doctor?
DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh yes, yes, yes, you're right.
EVELYN: And then?
DOCTOR: And then, what?
EVELYN: And then your face fell about a mile, and your tea got cold. And things still aren't right, are they?
DOCTOR: No.
EVELYN: There, wasn't difficult, was it? Doctor, you have to tell me. What is it?
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Evelyn, it's, it's just that something
EVELYN: Something?
DOCTOR: Something scared me.
EVELYN: Scared?
DOCTOR: And I'm not sure why.
EVELYN: What happened? Sit down. I'll pour you that tea. There.
DOCTOR: Thank you. We were about to materialise on Earth, then at the last minute I realised we'd slipped into your future, quite a long way. Probably two or three centuries, maybe more.
EVELYN: Well, we've had worse slips than that, haven't we?
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I suppose we have. Excellent tea. Thank you.
EVELYN: You're very welcome. What frightened you, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'm. Well, there was something very wrong about the readings.
EVELYN: The readings for Earth?
DOCTOR: Yes. You see, I know your planet's history so well, it's always like popping in on an old friend for tea. But this time, just for a second, I got this feeling that I'd stumbled in on complete strangers, that something was so terribly wrong that
EVELYN: Go on.
DOCTOR: I don't know, Evelyn. I really don't know, and I. But you're right, I panicked. I flipped everything into reverse, we shot backwards in Time and straight back out into deep space. Oh, did I say this tea was excellent?
EVELYN: You did. And now?
DOCTOR: And now, I've slowed us down. We're still going back, floating gently back through Time and Space, heading towards Earth's solar system and your century.
EVELYN: Well, that's good then, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Yes. It should be.
EVELYN: Should be?
DOCTOR: Evelyn.
EVELYN: Yes?
DOCTOR: For some reason I don't understand, I'm still afraid.
EVELYN: But
(Bell rings.)
EVELYN: What was that?
DOCTOR: Let's find out. If I can just locate a match for it in the Tardis databank. Let's have a look. Here, something from your past. A sound from Earth that the Tardis dates at around 1950 AD.
EVELYN: Seems like you reversed us too far.
DOCTOR: No, we're currently traversing the year 2197 and we're just approaching the outskirts of your solar system.
EVELYN: Then why are we hearing a sound from Earth in the 1950s?

DOCTOR: And what exactly is it? If I can just. It's gone. No trace of it.
EVELYN: Well, didn't you, I don't know, tape record it or something?
DOCTOR: Yes, something like that, but there's no record of it at all. It's
EVELYN: What?
DOCTOR: It's as if we never heard it.
EVELYN: Doctor, we did hear it. Very much so.
DOCTOR: I know.
EVELYN: What are you doing now?
DOCTOR: Finding some answers.
EVELYN: In the middle of nowhere, on the outskirts of the solar system?
DOCTOR: No, not nowhere. There's something out there.
(The Tardis materialises.)

OSWIN: Armstrong, you're just not making any sense.
ARMSTRONG: I'm sorry.
OSWIN: So you keep saying.
ARMSTRONG: But if you'd heard it, Captain, you'd understand.
OSWIN: There was no bell. No one else heard it, and we've checked everywhere.
ARMSTRONG: I heard it! I heard it and I never want to hear it again. (crying) You don't understand. It wasn't just a sound, it, it felt like
OSWIN: What? Like what?
ARMSTRONG: Like it was, it was. No, I can't. I can't. I don't want to.
OSWIN: XO.
MOORE [OC]: Captain?
OSWIN: Get the MO in here. Armstrong's suspended from all duties pending a medical report.
MOORE [OC]: Armstrong's ill, Captain?
OSWIN: I don't know what he is, but he's no use to me.

OPERATIONS [OC]: Sectors eleven and twelve are now clear for radiation testing.
EVELYN: It even looks like an aircraft carrier, doesn't it? I remember seeing the Ark Royal
DOCTOR: Same principle. Large vessel supporting a squadron of fighter aircraft, except that's the launch pad down there, not a runway. Compartments open up and the Damocles fighters shoot straight out into space. The deadliest fighter craft of their age. The envy of their enemies.
EVELYN: If this is a military vessel, aren't they going to be a bit unhappy about two strangers wandering around on board?
DOCTOR: Undoubtedly. But we're not going to be here for long. I just need to take a few readings.
Oh.
EVELYN: If you can get that thing to work.
DOCTOR: It is working.
EVELYN: What's it telling you?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. Interesting. But I can't hear any bells. Can you?
EVELYN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hmm?
EVELYN: Hello. Sorry if we're trespassing.
DOCTOR: What? Oh. Oh dear.
O'KEEFE: Keep your hands where I can see them and drop that thing.
DOCTOR: Thing? Oh, my tracker. Ah, now the trouble is, if I drop it, it'll break, and I'd really rather
O'KEEFE: Drop it!
(Clatter, fizzle, splutter.)
DOCTOR: I did warn you.

OSWIN: O'Keefe?
MOORE: Yes, Captain. He just found them wandering around.
OSWIN: Were they armed?
MOORE: No, but the male was carrying some sort of device. But O'Keefe made him drop it and er, well.
OSWIN: Well what?
MOORE: It broke.
OSWIN: Fascinating, Mister Moore.
MOORE: Sorry.

OSWIN: Do we know how they got on board?

MOORE: Er

OSWIN: I mean, do we know anything about them apart from what they've dropped on the deck?

MOORE: Well, they look a bit odd.

OSWIN: Odd? I've got an ace pilot who's hearing bells and crying like a baby, and now I've got odd people. I do hope there isn't a pattern emerging here.

(Knock on metal door.)

MOORE: That'll be the prisoners now. Shall I

OSWIN: Yes, XO.

(Door slides open.)

MOORE: Send them in.

DOCTOR: I'm guessing you're not going to let us sit down.

OSWIN: What on Earth am I supposed to make of you two?

DOCTOR: Well, yes, good point.

OSWIN: Let's start with your names.

EVELYN: I'm Evelyn Smythe, and this is the Doctor.

OSWIN: The Doctor. And why are you here, Evelyn Smythe and the Doctor?

DOCTOR: Well, it's a bit difficult to explain, to be honest.

OSWIN: Try being a bit more honest, Doctor. Are you good at reading faces, either of you?

EVELYN: Faces?

OSWIN: Well, I'm just interested to know if you think that this is the face of a patient person. Of a person who's not going to suddenly lose her temper and have you shot! Am I giving you some incentive here?

EVELYN: We were looking for a bell.

MOORE: A bell?

EVELYN: Yes. I know it doesn't make sense, it's just that we, well, we heard a bell and, oh dear. Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh, carry on. You're doing admirably.

EVELYN: Oh, thanks a lot.

OSWIN: You heard a bell.

EVELYN: Well, yes.

DOCTOR: Yes, we did. Ring any bells with you?

OSWIN: Have you ever heard about raiders using bells, XO?

MOORE: Bells? No, Captain.

OSWIN: No. You see my problem, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Er, not quite.

OSWIN: My standing orders are to protect Earth's solar system from alien raiding parties which have, in the last decade, caused unacceptable levels of damage to cargo payloads and loss of life in the outer. Are you getting the picture, Doctor? I've been trained extensively for my job. We're all highly trained military personnel here, ready to engage the enemy.

EVELYN: These alien raiders.

OSWIN: You talk as if you've never heard of them. But you haven't, have you. Have you?

DOCTOR: Alien raiders? Oh, yes, I do remember something about them. Privateers from the Endosian Alliance made several incursions into Earth's solar system during the last half of the 22nd century and early 23rd.

EVELYN: Doctor.

OSWIN: The last half of the? You know, I'm not even going to bother continuing this conversation.

DOCTOR: Oh well.

OSWIN: I'm not trained to deal with bell-ringing free-loading simpletons dressed like, like I don't know what the hell what.

DOCTOR: I quite understand. You've got a job to do. You don't want us getting in the way. Probably best if you just let us go.

MOORE: Go? Where are you going to go?

OSWIN: Well? It's a good question. If you're expecting to be able to just go, what, you didn't stow away before take-off? You've just recently arrived? Is that what you're expecting me to believe? XO, have we detected any spacecraft?

MOORE: Nothing, Captain. I checked and

OSWIN: Freeze them. That's what we'll do, freeze them.

DOCTOR: What?

OSWIN: They can be someone else's problem when we get back to Earth.

DOCTOR: Oh, we'd really rather you didn't do that.
OSWIN: Oh, you'd really rather I didn't? How absolutely fascinating. Well, I'm joking, of course, because it's not fascinating at all. It's just annoying!
DOCTOR: Please, don't upset yourself on our account. We really are completely inconsequential.
OSWIN: Well, there we agree, Doctor, because I'll tell you what you are, shall I? Shall I?
DOCTOR: Er, by all means.
OSWIN: An entry in my next comms package to High Command. Unidentified intruders frozen for further interrogation. Thank you, goodbye. Mister Moore?
MOORE: Captain?
OSWIN: Get them out of my sight.
MOORE: Captain. Right, you two
DOCTOR: Oh, there is just one thing.
EVELYN: Doctor, perhaps we should just
DOCTOR: What, let them freeze us? I don't think either of us
OSWIN: Get them out of here, XO!
DOCTOR: The bell. You know something about it, don't you. Ah ha. I thought so.
EVELYN: That'll help, being smug. Well done.
DOCTOR: Have you heard it?
OSWIN: I don't have time for this.
DOCTOR: Well, maybe not you, then. Someone else. Someone else has, haven't they?
MOORE: One of our pilots, Armstrong.
OSWIN: Yes, thank you, Mister Moore.
MOORE: Sorry, ma'am.
EVELYN: One of your pilots heard the bell.
OSWIN: Our pilot says he heard a bell.
DOCTOR: You don't believe him?
OSWIN: I
DOCTOR: You're not sure.
OSWIN: There's something wrong with him.
DOCTOR: Armstrong, can we see him?
OSWIN: What?
DOCTOR: Talk to him.
OSWIN: No. Why?
EVELYN: We just want to help.
OSWIN: How can you help?
DOCTOR: I try my best.
OSWIN: You try
OPERATIONS [Tannoy]: Attention, attention. This is an Operations alert. Scramble. Scramble.
OSWIN: XO?
MOORE: It's not a drill, Captain. Operations Control, this is the XO.
OPERATIONS [OC]: Two confirmed raider contacts.
OSWIN: Get these people out of here, Moore.
MOORE: Ma'am.
EVELYN: But you're not going to freeze us?
OSWIN: Shut up! I don't know! No.
DOCTOR: Thank you. And your pilot, Armstrong, can we
MOORE: Don't push your luck, Doctor. Move it.

O'KEEFE [OC]: Wing Leader to Control. All craft space-borne. We have tactical. Now plotting intercept course.

OPERATIONS [OC]: Attack pattern delta delta sierra niner. Your targets read as ion drive spacers. Course coordinates confirm their target is Jupiter Moon or Station. Arm your DX missiles immediately. Acknowledge, Wing Leader.

O'KEEFE [OC]: Wing Leader acknowledging.

EVELYN: What are you looking so pleased about?

DOCTOR: We're not frozen, and the crew of this ship are preoccupied. Which means, with any luck, we can get away.

EVELYN: If they haven't already found the Tardis and put a guard on it, or thrown it into space.

DOCTOR: What a little ray of sunshine you are, Evelyn.

EVELYN: And what are we going to do about this wretched bell?

DOCTOR: Hmm? Well, if we can find the pilot who heard it

EVELYN: This Armstrong chap.

DOCTOR: Yes, and ask him a few questions

EVELYN: It's a pretty big ship, Doctor, and we don't know what he looks like.

DOCTOR: But we know his name, and they said there was something wrong with him. All we have to do is find the sickbay.

EVELYN: Oh, is that all? After we've got out of here, of course.

DOCTOR: Yes. Now, Earth military locks in the late 22nd century. Rather susceptible to high frequency vibrations, as I recall.

EVELYN: I'm not very good at vibrating. Are you?

DOCTOR: I used to have a rather handy screwdriver thing that did my vibrating for me. I really must build a new one some day. Still, necessity is the mother of invention, and I do have perfect pitch, you know.

EVELYN: Oh please, you're not going to sing.

DOCTOR: Oh, it's much worse than that, Evelyn.

EVELYN: I find that hard to believe. What are you going to do?

DOCTOR: What a pity there isn't a blackboard in here.

EVELYN: I tell you what. You just carry on being unfathomable and brilliant, and I'll just sit here and be entertained.

DOCTOR: How very obliging of you. No, fingernails down a blackboard would have produced just about the right range of frequencies to give this door lock the jitters. Still, fingernails down a metal wall should be good enough.

(Scraping noise.)

EVELYN: Oh, Doctor!

DOCTOR: Don't just sit there oh doctoring. This is a two man job. I scratch, you bash the door. In fact, kick it.

EVELYN: What if there's someone on the other, oh, all right, all right.

(Scraping.)

DOCTOR: Slightly higher pitch, I think. And kick it harder. Ready?

EVELYN: Ready.

(Scrape, thump, creak.)

DOCTOR: (sotto) Anyone on the other side?

EVELYN: (sotto) Er, no. No one.

DOCTOR: (sotto) Thought as much. They're too busy fighting off Endosians to worry about us. Come on.

O'KEEFE [OC]: We've got them on track.

OSWIN: Good work, O'Keefe. Weapons status?

O'KEEFE [OC]: DX missiles armed and ready to deploy.

OSWIN: What's that, XO?

MOORE: Wing Leader, we show your targets now breaking for cover.

O'KEEFE: We see it, XO. Now in pursuit.

OSWIN: Watch those ion trails, O'Keefe. They kill.

O'KEEFE: Acknowledged.

OSWIN: Yeah, they're going for cover behind Io. XO, you'll need to supply our people with accurate tracking data once they've lost visual contact. XO?

(Bell rings.)

MOORE: (scared) No. No. No, please, no. I don't, I don't want

OSWIN: XO! What's the matter?

MOORE: Nothing. Sorry, Captain, nothing.

EVELYN: Doctor Leopard? Don't be ridiculous, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It's true. The Endosian privateers had a penchant for the melodramatic. Their leaders always chose names that

EVELYN: That's not melodramatic. It's just a bit camp, if you ask me.

DOCTOR: Ah, you wouldn't dare say that if you met him. Eight feet tall, rippling mauve muscles and three heads. Well, I think it was three.

EVELYN: Bless you, Doctor. The sillier your stories get, the more serious I know the situation is.

DOCTOR: Ah, I was right. They're still using the red cross symbol. Now all we have to do is follow

these arrows, and we should find the sickbay and our Mister Armstrong.

EVELYN: You're still worried, aren't you?

DOCTOR: About the bell?

EVELYN: About what you saw. What had happened to Earth.

DOCTOR: Yes. But I'm on the trail of something now. We'll solve it, don't you worry.

EVELYN: What exactly did you see?

DOCTOR: You know those dreams, when you go back home, your childhood home, and everything's changed. You know it should be familiar, but not one thing is as you remember it, as it should be.

EVELYN: No, I've never had a dream like that.

DOCTOR: Maybe humans don't have them. Maybe it's only Time Lords. Or just me.

(Door slides open.)

DOCTOR: Quick, get back.

(Running boots.)

EVELYN: They were in a hurry.

DOCTOR: Luckily for us. The battle alert is still on, then. Come on.

O'KEEFE [OC]: Tracking data negative. Visual contact lost.

OSWIN: What? XO, what's happening with that tracking? XO?

MOORE: I, I (bell) No. No, please, no.

O'KEEFE [OC]: Visual contact dead ahead! Break, break, break!

OSWIN: You idiot, Moore.

(O'Keefe screams.)

DOCTOR: Ah, this is it. Sickbay.

EVELYN: We can't just burst in there. What if there's more than one patient?

DOCTOR: We could try asking, anyone heard any bells?

EVELYN: Best to be direct, I suppose.

(Door slides open.)

ARMSTRONG: No, I can't.

DOCTOR: Armstrong?

ARMSTRONG: What? Yes.

EVELYN: I don't believe it. Talk about luck.

ARMSTRONG: Who are you?

DOCTOR: Oh, it may be luck, but I've got a feeling it's all bad.

EVELYN: Doctor, he's

DOCTOR: Where are you going, Mister Armstrong?

ARMSTRONG: I must. I must. No, please.

DOCTOR: You must what, go somewhere? Where? Anything to do with a bell?

ARMSTRONG: You can hear it?

DOCTOR: No.

EVELYN: But you can.

ARMSTRONG: Why can no one else hear it? What's the matter with me?

DOCTOR: I don't know, but we're here to help you. Where are you going?

ARMSTRONG: I must, I must.

EVELYN: We're following?

DOCTOR: We're following.

OSWIN: No contact. None at all.

OPERATIONS [OC]: Raiders now out of range. Damocles fighter transponder signals negative.

OSWIN: Moore! XO! What the hell did you think you were? We have lost the entire squadron and it's your fault.

MOORE: The squadron? But, what? I can't. No.

OSWIN: Moore? Moore, what's the matter with you?

MOORE: Can't you hear it?

OSWIN: What?

MOORE: The bell.

EVELYN: Doctor, he's led us straight to the Tardis.

ARMSTRONG: I must

DOCTOR: Coincidence, or? Evelyn, keep him here, will you?

EVELYN: He seems to have stopped anyway. Why? What are you going to do?

DOCTOR: We can't hear the bell, but he can. Maybe the Tardis can too, since he's standing right next to it. And maybe I can get some answers this time. Won't be a minute.

EVELYN: Armstrong? Armstrong? Can you hear me?

ARMSTRONG: What? Who are you? Is it you?

EVELYN: Is what me?

ARMSTRONG: Ringing the bell.

EVELYN: No. Armstrong, listen to me. Why have you brought us down here, to this storage bay? Is it the Tardis, this blue box you

ARMSTRONG: I must go. I must. I can't help.

EVELYN: Not the Tardis, then.

ARMSTRONG: No choice. I must.

EVELYN: That door? What's behind that door, Armstrong?

ARMSTRONG: Nowhere.

(Console beeps. Bell rings.)

DOCTOR: A door? I don't remember that being there before. No, that doesn't make sense. What? Well, that can't be right.

EVELYN: But why should you want to go nowhere?

ARMSTRONG: No.

EVELYN: It's all right, Armstrong. You don't have to if you don't want to. You can stay here with me.

ARMSTRONG: I don't want to, don't you understand? I don't. It wants me.

EVELYN: It? What do you mean?

ARMSTRONG: And I have to go.

(Door slides open.)

DOCTOR: (distant) Evelyn! Stop him! Don't let him go through that door!

EVELYN: Armstrong! No!

(Screams. It fades and the door closes.)

DOCTOR: Armstrong!

EVELYN: Gone. He's gone. What was that terrible noise?

DOCTOR: I don't know. Did you see through there?

EVELYN: Well, not really. It was just nothing. Nowhere.

DOCTOR: Nowhere? What do you mean?

EVELYN: It's what that poor man said. I asked him what was behind the door. He said, nowhere. But that's impossible.

DOCTOR: Impossible, yes. But that's just the third impossible thing about that door.

EVELYN: Third?

DOCTOR: Well, look at it. See the view ports either side?

EVELYN: Oh, my goodness. It leads straight out into space.

DOCTOR: No airlock, just a simple door in the hull of this ship.

EVELYN: Shouldn't we have been, well, blown out into the vacuum?

DOCTOR: Precisely. But we weren't.

EVELYN: You said there were *three* impossible things.

DOCTOR: Yes. I scanned for the bell.

EVELYN: Could you hear it again, in the Tardis?

DOCTOR: Yes. But I didn't get a chance to find out much about it.

EVELYN: Why not?

DOCTOR: I was distracted.

EVELYN: By what?

DOCTOR: According to the Tardis, that door is over fifty billion years old.

(That makes it from the far, far distant future, given that the universe is currently dated at 13.82 billion, and the Earth at 4.54 billion.)

[Part Two]

OSWIN: Still no transponder signals from our people?

OPERATIONS [OC]: Still negative.

OSWIN: What about the raiders?

OPERATIONS [OC]: No signal detected.

OSWIN: XO! Moore, you've got to tell me. What the hell's the matter with you? Don't you understand? We've lost the Damocles fighters because of you. There is no bell. Get a grip of yourself!

MOORE: (crying) I heard it.

OSWIN: But no one else here did.

MOORE: Armstrong heard it, and now I can.

OSWIN: For God's sake, Moore, this doesn't make any sense. Oswin to sickbay.

SICKBAY [OC]: Er sickbay.

OSWIN: I want to speak to Armstrong. Sickbay?

SICKBAY [OC]: Oh, er, yeah, he's er. (sotto) Where is he? What? (normal) He doesn't appear to be here, Captain.

OSWIN: What? What'd you mean?

SICKBAY [OC]: Well, we thought he, I dunno, he must have slipped out, somehow.

OSWIN: Slipped? You don't just let them. (sighs) Never mind. Master at Arms, this is the Captain.

MASTER AT ARMS [OC]: Captain.

OSWIN: Pilot Armstrong's gone walkabout. He's not right in the head. Find him.

DOCTOR: It wanted him to go through this door?

EVELYN: Yes. Whatever it is.

DOCTOR: And there was nothing in there? A door that shouldn't be here, and it leads to nowhere. But we heard something.

EVELYN: Something horrible.

DOCTOR: But we heard it. Like the bell. Maybe if I

EVELYN: Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: Shh. Listening. Listening at the door to nowhere.

EVELYN: Anything?

DOCTOR: Shh.

(Distant train whistle.)

DOCTOR: Did you hear that?

EVELYN: No. What?

DOCTOR: Come and listen.

OSWIN: Ops? What the hell's happening now?

OPERATIONS [OC]: Damocles transponder codes detected.

OSWIN: What?

MOORE: (sotto) Thank God, thank God.

OSWIN: How many? Look, patch me through. O'Keefe? O'Keefe, are you reading me? (static) O'Keefe!

O'KEEFE [OC]: Captain, can you hear me?

OSWIN: O'Keefe, what happened? Are you all right?

O'KEEFE [OC]: Got caught in an ion trail. We, we lost Hayward. (static)

OSWIN: O'Keefe! O'Keefe, are you reading me?

O'KEEFE [OC]: Yeah, yeah. Systems are pretty shook up. Rest of us okay, but our instrumentation was knocked out. It's taken us this long to reboot.

OSWIN: What about the raiders?

O'KEEFE [OC]: They got away. What happened, Captain? When we lost visual we didn't get any tracking data from you.

OSWIN: We had er problems at this end, O'Keefe.

O'KEEFE [OC]: Problems?

OSWIN: All Damocles fighters are recalled to Valiant, O'Keefe.

O'KEEFE [OC]: Understood. ETA 0450.

OSWIN: Very well.

DOCTOR: It's a steam train.

EVELYN: What is?

DOCTOR: Don't you recognise the sound?

EVELYN: What sound?

DOCTOR: What, you can't hear it?

EVELYN: No.

DOCTOR: But it (bell rings) The signal bell. It's arriving at the station. (train whistle)

EVELYN: Doctor, you're scaring me.

(Muffled voice.)

DOCTOR: Tickets please. Didn't you hear that?

EVELYN: What? No, I can't. Doctor, are you sure you're all right?

DOCTOR: No, I'm not sure. There are people talking. Something, something familiar.

EVELYN: Doctor, are you certain you're hearing this? It's not, I don't know, some kind of telepathy or something like that?

DOCTOR: No, it's coming from behind that door. But why can't you hear it?

EVELYN: I don't know. It's like that, like Armstrong. He could hear the bell, but we couldn't.

DOCTOR: But I'm not being drawn to the door, and it isn't opening.

EVELYN: Thank goodness for that. (train bell) You can hear something else, can't you?

(Train whistle.)

DOCTOR: I think the sequence is repeating. Yes, it's a sequence of sounds.

EVELYN: You said it was a steam train. It must be coming from the past, like the bell.

DOCTOR: But how? And why?

OSWIN: They've what? How?

MASTER AT ARMS: No idea, ma'am. We just found the door open.

OSWIN: Why wasn't there a guard on the door?

MASTER AT ARMS: All personnel were called to secure stations.

OSWIN: Right, fine. What about Armstrong?

MASTER AT ARMS: Still no sign, but we've got the prisoners on the security screen.

OSWIN: Patch it through to me. That's one of our storage bays, isn't it? What are they doing down there?

MASTER AT ARMS: Er, maybe they're. I've no idea, ma'am.

OSWIN: And what's that, a storage crate?

MASTER AT ARMS [OC]: Er, no

OSWIN: No idea? You surprise me. Well, whatever it is, they've just gone inside it. Get a team down there now. I'll meet you there. XO, how are you feeling?

MOORE: Er, better. I think.

OSWIN: Good. You're with me.

EVELYN: Is the Tardis picking up that train sound?

DOCTOR: Er, yes. Now, can you hear that?

EVELYN: Yes, yes I can. And that's what you could hear at the door?

DOCTOR: Yes. It sounds like a

EVELYN: Don't tell me you're a train spotter.

DOCTOR: When you've lived as long as I have, you'll try out all sorts of hobbies. Well, for a time, at least.

EVELYN: All right, then. Impress me with your train spotting.

DOCTOR: I'm a bit rusty, but it's a small locomotive. Probably something used on one of the old branch lines.

EVELYN: Presumably from the 1950s, like the bell.

DOCTOR: It narrows it down, that's for sure.

EVELYN: So, before Doctor Beeching's closures.

DOCTOR: Oh, Doctor Beeching's axe. Who's the anorak now?

EVELYN: Elementary social history.

DOCTOR: It all helps. Of course! The bell. It's a station signal bell. Come on, old girl. She's done it.

EVELYN: Turret class locomotive withdrawn from Northern and Western line 1953.

DOCTOR: And the Tardis has narrowed the origin of the sound down to the 7th of September in the year 1952.

EVELYN: How many Turret class locomotives still in service in 1952?

DOCTOR: Let's find out. (keyboard sounds) One. Just one.

EVELYN: Stapley Moor Riverside line. Turret class locomotive Ivy Lee.

DOCTOR: That's her. Ivy Lee. That's our girl.

EVELYN: Then let's find her.

DOCTOR: One last thing before we leave. I want to get a fragment of that fifty billion year old door out there.

EVELYN: I can't work out what it's doing out here. It's obviously not really part of this ship, yet it looks exactly like all the other doors.

DOCTOR: Precisely. Now, if I can just chip a bit off this. There.
EVELYN: Whatever you're going to do, do it quickly.
OSWIN: Before you get caught?
DOCTOR: Ah. Hello. Really no need for guns, honestly.
OSWIN: In my line of work there's always a need for guns.
EVELYN: Interesting philosophy.
OSWIN: Master at Arms, shoot them if they move.
MASTER AT ARMS: Yes, Captain.
MOORE: What are you doing to that door?
DOCTOR: Were you looking for your friend Armstrong or us?
OSWIN: Both. Do you know where Armstrong is?
DOCTOR: Do you remember ever seeing this door before?
OSWIN: Try answering questions, Doctor. We're in a combat situation and you haven't been entered into my log yet. That means you don't exist. Be careful, or I'll keep it that way permanently.
MOORE: Wait a minute.
OSWIN: XO.
MOORE: This door. Look.
OSWIN: XO, I'm looking. It's just a, what the hell?
EVELYN: Doesn't make sense, does it?
DOCTOR: And it makes even less sense when it opens.
OSWIN: It's not an airlock, just an ordinary door.
MOORE: You saw it open?
DOCTOR: No, but my friend did.
EVELYN: Doctor, we shouldn't be letting
DOCTOR: They've got guns. I don't think we have a choice.
OSWIN: Very wise, Doctor. Well, Evelyn? What happened when it opened?
EVELYN: Armstrong, he
MOORE: Armstrong was here?
EVELYN: Yes. He, he went through.
OSWIN: Through? By my reckoning that door would open directly into space. I've no idea how it got here, but if it were to open then this whole section would be depressurised.
DOCTOR: Confusing, isn't it?
MOORE: You said he went through. Through where?
EVELYN: He could hear the bell.
MOORE: The bell?
OSWIN: XO, I think perhaps you
DOCTOR: You've heard it, haven't you?
OSWIN: No one's
DOCTOR: Not you. I mean you, Mister Moore.
EVELYN: When did you hear it?
OSWIN: Master at Arms, escort these prisoners to the detention
DOCTOR: If you stand close to it, you may hear something else, Mister Moore.
MOORE: No!
OSWIN: All right, that's enough.
DOCTOR: You heard the bell, didn't you?
OSWIN: Doctor, I advise you
DOCTOR: You heard it, and I'll wager that just as you were hearing it, Armstrong was down here walking
OSWIN: Doctor!
EVELYN: He said he could hear the bell. That something wanted him to go through the doorway. That he didn't want to go, but he had no choice.
MOORE: And he went through. How?
EVELYN: The door opened, and he went through.
OSWIN: That's impossible.
DOCTOR: Then where is he?
OSWIN: This is a big ship, Doctor. He's probably
MOORE: What was behind the door?
OSWIN: XO, I think you're needed in Operations
MOORE: What was behind the door! Tell me!
EVELYN: Nothing.

OSWIN: What'd you mean, nothing?
EVELYN: Nothing. Nowhere. Just, just a terrible sound.
(Train whistle.)
MOORE: (afraid) Please, please no.
EVELYN: What is it, Doctor? You've heard it again, haven't you?
DOCTOR: And you?
EVELYN: Nothing.
OSWIN: What the hell are you talking about?
MOORE: (afraid) Please, please, no.
OSWIN: XO, get a grip of yourself.
DOCTOR: You can hear it, can't you?
MOORE: No.
DOCTOR: I think you can.
MOORE: No. Please.
OSWIN: Right, that's it. Enough. If you don't move, Doctor, I'll shoot you myself.
DOCTOR: Wouldn't you rather find out the truth?
OSWIN: Oh, and what is the truth?
DOCTOR: I've no idea! That's the trouble. But something
(Train whistle.)
OSWIN: Well, speak up, Doctor, since you're so fond of talking.
EVELYN: It's all right, Doctor.
DOCTOR: No, it isn't, Evelyn. That's the trouble. Nothing feels right at all. Oh no.
OSWIN: What?
MOORE: You heard it too.
DOCTOR: Yes. The bell. Evelyn? Captain? Master at Arms? None of you, except Mister Moore and me.
OSWIN: Doctor, this is my last warning.
(Scraping sound.)
EVELYN: Doctor, the door!
OSWIN: What the hell? XO, Moore, what are you doing?
MOORE: I have to. I must. Please, I must.
DOCTOR: Stop him. Hold on to him, quickly.
OSWIN: XO, stop!
MOORE: I must.
EVELYN: Doctor, look! Through the doorway, there's something. I can't quite. Something.
DOCTOR: It's very far away. I don't know what.
OSWIN: Help me with him. I can't hold him. Moore!
DOCTOR: Everyone, hold on to Moore!
MOORE: I must!
(Moore screams. The door closes.)
OSWIN: He just, he just, I don't believe it. Where did he go?
EVELYN: Nowhere.
OSWIN: Who the hell are you people? And what's that crate thing you came out of?
DOCTOR: You can't really believe that we're responsible for any of this.
OSWIN: What exactly do you know about that door?
EVELYN: We don't know anything about it. That's the trouble.
OSWIN: Then why are you here? Why are you on my ship?
DOCTOR: It's difficult to explain.
OSWIN: No. No, not good enough. Is it alien? Is it a threat? What? What is it? Give me something I can deal with.
DOCTOR: Or you'll shoot us? Are you really that out of control, Captain?
OSWIN: All right, Doctor. All right. Take them to my office. Have this section sealed off and guards posted at the intersections.
MASTER AT ARMS: Right away, ma'am.
OSWIN: This is the Captain to Operations Control. Instigate condition of maximum security alert. This ship, this ship is under attack from unknown alien technology.
DOCTOR: I hardly think that's
OSWIN: Full security protocols to be observed at all times. We, we may have been infiltrated.

OPERATIONS [OC]: Operations Control to Wing Leader. All Damocles fighters are cleared to land.

O'KEEFE: Acknowledged, Valiant. This is Wing Leader to squadron. We are clear to land. Park, ride and stand down, ladies.

OPERATIONS [OC]: That's a negative, Wing Leader. Your orders are to land and remain at battle readiness.

O'KEEFE: What's occurring, Operations?

OPERATIONS [OC]: Security lock-down. Intruder alert. Security condition one. We may be under attack.

O'KEEFE: Under attack?

OSWIN: Sit, both of you.

EVELYN: Thank you.

OSWIN: You can leave us, Master at Arms.

MASTER AT ARMS: Ma'am.

(Door slides shut.)

OSWIN: That door, did you put it there?

DOCTOR: You don't really think that, do you?

OSWIN: What I think is that it's a danger to my crew.

DOCTOR: I agree.

EVELYN: It's more than that.

DOCTOR: Evelyn.

OSWIN: What?

EVELYN: You have to tell her.

DOCTOR: What, exactly? I've no proof of anything. Just feelings.

OSWIN: Feelings?

DOCTOR: And my feelings are personal.

OSWIN: I've lost two crew members to that thing, that doorway. Is it alien?

DOCTOR: I honestly don't know.

OSWIN: It must be. Are you alien?

EVELYN: No.

OSWIN: What about you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh, you think I'm an Endosian privateer, do you, here to raid your storage bay by means of, oh, I don't know, some sort of dimensional gateway?

OSWIN: Is that what it is? A dimensional

DOCTOR: I've no idea. It was just a figure of speech.

OSWIN: Figure? Are you taking the

EVELYN: We've got to tell her the truth.

OSWIN: The truth?

DOCTOR: I don't know what the truth is, Evelyn.

EVELYN: We travel in Time and Space. That blue crate you saw, it's our ship.

OSWIN: Oh, really.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, this isn't helping.

EVELYN: The Doctor felt that something had gone wrong on Earth.

OSWIN: What do you mean, gone wrong?

DOCTOR: Evelyn.

EVELYN: We don't know. It was just, well, just

OSWIN: Oh, don't tell me. Just a feeling.

DOCTOR: Yes. And a very powerful one. And I agree, not very helpful.

EVELYN: So, so, we tried to investigate, and then we heard that bell.

OSWIN: Of course! Everyone's hearing the bell.

EVELYN: Don't you understand? We heard it inside a ship that travels through Time and Space. A bell, a plain old-fashioned bell from Earth's history, ringing for no reason. And then we arrived on your ship and discovered that people who hear that bell get, get sucked through a doorway into, into nowhere.

OSWIN: Are you really expecting me to believe any of this?

DOCTOR: What's your theory on the subject?

(Alarm.)

OSWIN: What the hell? Operations, report.

OPERATIONS [OC]: A security alarm set off at intersection 495b.

OSWIN: The storage bays.

MASTER AT ARMS [OC]: Captain! Captain, that door is open again. It's taken two of my people

already. We're managing to hold on to Miller, but he's too strong for us.

OSWIN: It's happening again.

DOCTOR: And I think it's going to keep on happening.

OSWIN: Why? Just a feeling?

EVELYN: Three gone this time. It's getting worse.

OSWIN: Master at Arms. Master at Arms, report. What's happened down there?

MASTER AT ARMS [OC]: The door's closed.

OSWIN: And Miller?

MASTER AT ARMS [OC]: We lost him, and a further two.

OSWIN: Clear out all crates and supplies, and seal the storage bay. Permanently.

MASTER AT ARMS [OC]: Aye, Captain.

OSWIN: Operations? Launch all Damocles fighters. Defensive pattern. I want a three thousand kilometre exclusion zone around this ship.

OPERATIONS [OC]: Understood.

OSWIN: Prepare a Priority One comms package to Earth. Let me know when it's ready.

OPERATIONS [OC]: Understood.

DOCTOR: Can I ask that you have my ship cleared out of your storage bay as well?

OSWIN: Why should I? It could be something to do with all this. It's directly opposite that door, isn't it?

DOCTOR: (deep sigh) All right, Evelyn. I'll give the truth a go.

OSWIN: At last.

DOCTOR: I am a Time Lord, not a human.

OSWIN: Time Lord.

DOCTOR: But, well, I have a great fondness for humans

EVELYN: Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: And for their planet of origin. I came here out of a concern for you, your people and your planet. I'm not the cause of the problem. I'm your potential solution. That solution, whatever it is, involves my having access to my ship, my Tardis.

OSWIN: Tardis.

DOCTOR: That's what it's called, yes. So I don't want it sealed up in a section of your ship directly in front of a door that has a nasty habit of opening and sucking things into nowhere.

OSWIN: And if I let you have access to your ship, what's to stop you just getting in it and leaving us in the lurch?

EVELYN: So you do accept that we could help you?

OSWIN: It's just a for instance. Well?

DOCTOR: Well, I'll be honest with you. I do want to get into my ship and leave.

EVELYN: Doctor.

OSWIN: This isn't really helping your case.

DOCTOR: I'm being honest. You wanted the truth, didn't you? The whole truth? I want to get into my ship and travel back to the year 1952, Earth, England, to an insignificant little branch line on the Northern and Western Railway, to find a quaint little steam train called Ivy Lee.

OSWIN: Now I don't even know what you're talking about.

DOCTOR: The bell that people are hearing before they go to their deaths is from that time, that place, from that railway. And that is our only lead.

EVELYN: Are they going to their deaths, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I think they are, Evelyn, yes. Well, Captain?

OSWIN: I'll make a compromise with you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: And what's that?

OSWIN: I'll have your ship, your Tardis, taken out of the storage bay before I have the Master at Arms weld solid steel across the bulkheads.

DOCTOR: Thank you.

OSWIN: But I can't allow you access to it.

EVELYN: What? Why not?

OSWIN: Because it would be a dereliction of my duty to do so.

DOCTOR: Oh, the limitations of the military mind.

EVELYN: But why? What could possibly happen

OPERATIONS [OC]: Priority One comms package (??) now ready for recording and final encoding.

OSWIN: Thank you, Ops.

DOCTOR: Priority One?

OSWIN: You might as well hear this. Perhaps then you'll understand.

(Alarm sounds.)

EVELYN: Oh no, not again.

OSWIN: Report.

MASTER AT ARMS [OC]: Captain, that door's open again. I've got ten people trying to get to it this time. We don't have enough men to stop argh!

OSWIN: You've got to stop them. Do you hear me? Master at Arms, knock them unconscious. Shoot to disable them if you have to.

DOCTOR: I don't think anything can stop them. There's some power at work here, something beyond all the physical laws of the universe.

OSWIN: That's a great help. Master at Arms!

MASTER AT ARMS [OC]: It's shut again. The door's shut. They've gone. We couldn't, couldn't stop any of them.

OSWIN: Clear the crates out, all of them, including that blue thing the intruders came out of. Do it now, and weld the bulkheads shut. Now, before it happens again.

MASTER AT ARMS [OC]: Understood, Captain.

OSWIN: Fighter carrier Valiant, comms package alpha seven zero five, transmitting at ship time 1538 hours, January 16th 2197. Priority One emergency authorisation, Oswin Tanya commanding. Two zero eight zero one seven eight four H W G.

OSWIN [OC]: Unknown alien force has breached ship's hull and is abducting crew members. All efforts to prevent this or identify the threat have failed. Frequency and severity of attacks increasing. Intruders held in cryogenic suspension for questioning. Alien craft held for analysis. Request investigation team and full military taskforce as soon as possible. Assessment of danger to this command and Earth security extreme. Priority One. Confirming Priority One.

(Walking.)

DOCTOR: How long until your taskforce gets here?

OSWIN: Two months.

EVELYN: Two months? But that's not going to be soon enough.

DOCTOR: Assuming they'll be able to do anything when they get here. Captain, you must let us go back.

OSWIN: My hands are tied, Doctor. Something is attacking us, attacking the human race, perhaps even Earth itself.

DOCTOR: You may well be right. All the more reason why

OSWIN: I've no way of verifying anything you've said. For what it's worth, I

EVELYN: You trust us?

OSWIN: I don't think you're responsible for what's happening.

EVELYN: Then let us go.

OSWIN: But that's just a gut feeling. I don't have the authority to make decisions of this scale.

DOCTOR: Tanya, this isn't the time for chains of command and military protocol. There's no telling who will hear the bell next. It may be you, may be the whole crew of your ship. It may be

OSWIN: You? But you've already heard it, haven't you, and you weren't pulled through the door. Why is that, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I don't know.

OSWIN: You see? Too many questions. I can't risk letting you go. You'll be frozen

EVELYN: Why don't you freeze everyone? At least that would stop them walking through the door.

OSWIN: That may yet be an option. I'm sorry, but

COMPUTER [OC]: Door opening. Door opening.

EVELYN: Doctor, I can't bear this.

OSWIN: I've work to do. You, Crewman First Class Lawford, isn't it?

LAWFORD: Yes, ma'am.

OSWIN: Draw your weapon and escort these two to sickbay. The medical staff have been alerted. They know what to do. Understood?

LAWFORD: Yes, Captain.

OSWIN: Goodbye, Evelyn, Doctor.

EVELYN: Good luck.

OSWIN: And to you. (leaves)

DOCTOR: Well, Mister Lawford. Crewman First Class. You must be very proud.

LAWFORD: Move it.

O'KEEFE: Valiant Operations Control, this is Damocles Wing Leader. First sweep of exclusion zone complete. No sign of alien incursion, no sign of hull breach in storage bay seven.

OPERATIONS [OC]: Acknowledged, Wing Leader. Priority One alert has been despatched to Earth High Command. Continue sweep until further notice. Acknowledge.

O'KEEFE: I, I

OPERATIONS [OC]: Acknowledge, Wing Leader. Wing Leader?

O'KEEFE: I must, I must

OPERATIONS [OC]: Wing Leader? Wing Leader, come in.

COMPUTER [OC]: Door opening. Door opening.

DOCTOR: It's this way, isn't it, Crewman?

EVELYN: Are you all right?

DOCTOR: Oh no.

LAWFORD: I must, I must

EVELYN: You can hear the bell, can't you?

DOCTOR: The effect is spreading somehow. Are *you* all right? You can't hear it?

EVELYN: I can't hear it.

DOCTOR: Good. Let's get to the Tardis.

EVELYN: Doctor, we can't just leave him.

DOCTOR: Him. and all the others. We've got to find the root of the problem, Evelyn. If we stay here, we're just patching up a crumbling dam, Come on!

O'KEEFE: I must, I must. Please, I must, I must.

OPERATIONS [OC]: Wing Leader. Wing Leader, adjust your course and speed immediately. You're heading for imminent impact on Valiant hull. Cut engines!

O'KEEFE: I must

OPERATIONS [OC]: Cut engines now, O'Keefe! O'Keefe, you're heading for the outer hull section of storage bay seven. Cut engines!

O'KEEFE: I must

OPERATIONS [OC]: Alter course, for God's sake!

(Whoosh, kaboom! Panicked voices and coughing.)

DOCTOR: Captain!

OSWIN: What the hell are you two doing here?

EVELYN: Captain, what happened?

OSWIN: It was O'Keefe.

EVELYN: What was?

DOCTOR: One of the pilots? One of the Damocles pilots?

OSWIN: We saw it all on the security screen. Look.

EVELYN: I don't believe it.

OSWIN: Just crashed his fighter straight into the hull. Shattered it. The door was open. The whole thing, the whole fighter, just sucked right in.

DOCTOR: And nothing left of that section but the door, just standing there, in the middle of space. Open space. The wall, the floor, blown away.

EVELYN: Doctor, look! They managed to save the Tardis!

OSWIN: Oh yes, we've got your precious ship for you. Never mind the twenty crewmen we lost before we sealed the bulkhead.

DOCTOR: Tanya, you must let us go now. We can put this right, I know we can.

OSWIN: How?

DOCTOR: I

OSWIN: You don't know, do you. Why the hell should I trust you? You just want to save your own skins.

MASTER AT ARMS: Captain, the security screen. That door's opening again.

OSWIN: At least no one can get to it now.

DOCTOR: I wouldn't bet on it.

(Bell rings.)

EVELYN: Doctor. Doctor! I, I

DOCTOR: Evelyn, what is it?

EVELYN: I, I can hear the bell.

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: Right, you're coming with me.

EVELYN: No, I must, I, I must

OSWIN: What are you trying to do, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I'm taking her into the Tardis and you're not going to stop me, Tanya.

OSWIN: Master at Arms.

MASTER AT ARMS: Captain, security report over thirty people on their way here. All of them under the influence of that thing.

OSWIN: They'll never get through that bulkhead now.

DOCTOR: I think they'll find a way. I think they'll tear themselves and the bulkhead apart trying to get to that door.

EVELYN: I must

DOCTOR: And I'm not waiting around to see my friend

OSWIN: Shoot him if he makes another move, Master at Arms.

MASTER AT ARMS: Aye, Captain.

DOCTOR: Then shoot me! I'd rather die than stay here and watch your entire crew claw their way into nowhere.

OSWIN: You don't know that's going to happen. According to you, you're just as much in the dark as we are.

DOCTOR: Yes, I am! In the dark. And that's where I've been ever since I glimpsed what's in store for your planet, your entire species. Something so alien to the nature of Time and Space that I was instantly repelled, like an animal retreating from fire, like the fear of falling into the pit of hell. Almost as if something primal was triggered within me.

OSWIN: You're not making any sense, Doctor.

EVELYN: I must

DOCTOR: No, Evelyn, no, you must stay with me.

EVELYN: I must

DOCTOR: None of this makes any sense, Tanya. Does a door suspended in the middle of space make sense? It's not about the reasonable and the rational. I think it's something outside all that. Contrary to all the laws of Time and Space, that's what scares me like nothing ever has before. And I have to face it and defeat it. I realise that now. I ran away from it once, but I'm not going to do it again.

MASTER AT ARMS: Here they come, Captain.

DOCTOR: So, if you're going to order me shot, just get on with it. What are you doing?

OSWIN: I'm helping you with Evelyn. Come on.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Tanya.

OSWIN: There's just one thing, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What is it?

OSWIN: Come back, will you?

DOCTOR: Yes, I will. I promise you.

OSWIN: Maybe this isn't time for reason. I believe you. Go!

(Tardis door closes.)

EVELYN: I must, I must

DOCTOR: No, no. It's all right. You'll be all right in here. There. There, there. There you are. You're all right now. You're all right now, aren't you? All right? Now, I'm going to let you go, and you're going to be all right. There.

EVELYN: No! I must

DOCTOR: Sit. You won't be able to get through that door.

(Bangs on Tardis door.)

EVELYN: I must!

DOCTOR: Not ever, so there's no use trying.

EVELYN: I must. I must.

DOCTOR: What is it? Evelyn? What is it, eh? What's so powerful? What has such a hold on your mind that

EVELYN: Doctor?

DOCTOR: You're back.

EVELYN: Did I go anywhere?

DOCTOR: You wanted to. Do you remember? Evelyn?

EVELYN: Oh dear. Oh dear me.

DOCTOR: It's all right, you're safe now.
EVELYN: Time's End.
DOCTOR: What?
EVELYN: Time's End.
DOCTOR: Is that what you saw?
EVELYN: No. What I saw was, was
DOCTOR: I think I'd better make you a cup of tea.
EVELYN: No, no thanks. No, I'll be all right.
DOCTOR: All right.
EVELYN: Just let me sit down.
DOCTOR: All right. You sit down, and I'll set the course. 7th of September 1952, Earth, England, Stapley Moor.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

EVELYN: Time's End.

DOCTOR: Time's End. It can't be. That's just a legend.

EVELYN: That's what I heard, over and over again. And something, something else. I can't remember.

DOCTOR: Who was saying it?

EVELYN: Faces. So many faces.

DOCTOR: All of them saying that? Time's End?

EVELYN: No, just screaming. Screaming. Terrible screaming. But I remember

DOCTOR: It's all right, it's all right. It's gone. You're safe now.

EVELYN: But it hasn't gone. It's still out there, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Over two hundred years in the future now. We're approaching 1952 and we're about to land.

(The Tardis materialises.)

EVELYN: Are we there? Stapley Moor?

(Creaking noise.)

DOCTOR: What was that?

EVELYN: It's as though the Tardis is moving. Are you sure we've landed?

DOCTOR: Yes, certain of it. Let's have a look on the scanner. Ah ha. We've handed on a train. A moving train.

EVELYN: The same train you heard at the door?

DOCTOR: Do you feel up to going outside and taking a look?

EVELYN: No, but we must.

DOCTOR: There's no hurry, you know. We could just wait here for a while. It's nearly two hundred and fifty years until the trouble starts, after all.

EVELYN: Are you sure of that?

DOCTOR: No. To be honest, I'm not sure of anything any more.

EVELYN: Unnerving, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Decidedly. So shall we go?

EVELYN: Doctor.

DOCTOR: What is it?

EVELYN: There was a mouth.

DOCTOR: A mouth?

EVELYN: That's what I remember. Around all the screaming faces. It was like a gigantic mouth, wide open, and that's where the words were coming from. I know, doesn't make sense.

DOCTOR: No, maybe not. Maybe not yet, at any rate. Which makes me wonder

EVELYN: What?

DOCTOR: What exactly is waiting for us out there.

(Train whistle blows.)

TREVOR: (sigh) Twenty four across, seven letters. A no-win situation. Something R, something N, something something something. What do you reckon, Palmer? Huh. I always ask, you never answer. Am I that bad an assignment? I'll take that as a yes, then, shall I? Why should I expect you to change the habit of a lifetime? Feel free to fall asleep. I'm sure it's past your bedtime. And all this banter we're having is wearing me out. No, hang it all. Sorry to disturb you, old chap, but I've been meaning to ask you this for some months. Is it just me you won't talk to, or have you never talked to any of your charges? Oh, good. I was right. I did a little equation that predicted that response. Well, when I say predicted, I mean that I calculated the probability was very high that you'd, surprise, surprise, say

nothing. And there you are, Palmer. Well done. An monument to mathematical certainty.
(Footsteps.)

TREVOR: Well, I never. There's a random factor beyond my equation.

(Connecting door opens and closes.)

TREVOR: Or was I imagining it? No, I saw your eyes flicker. Gave yourself away, didn't you, Palmer. You saw that old lady too, didn't you? Admit it. Oh, what are you going to do then, Palmer, eh? Can't have old ladies wandering around on our train, can we? I mean to say, she might be a Russian spy, or Chinese. Didn't look Chinese though, did she. Or Russian for that matter. Probably the lack of fur hat. Cunning disguise, eh? No fur hat. Ingenious. What will the KGB think up next. Am I annoying you yet, Palmer? Am I? Go on, I bet I am. You see, I've introduced a new factor into my equation. It's A. If A equals annoyance, then, well, you know the sort of thing. A simple shut up Trevor will suffice. Go on, be a devil. No? So, what are you going to do, eh?

DOCTOR: Anyone your end of the train?

EVELYN: (laughs) The uniform suits you. Bit short in the leg.

DOCTOR: Hmm, well, found it in the guard's van. Although why the guard would keep a spare there I've no idea. Especially since there doesn't appear to be a guard on board at all.

EVELYN: I didn't see one.

DOCTOR: So, an empty night train with

EVELYN: Ah, I didn't say it was empty.

DOCTOR: But I thought you

EVELYN: No, no, no, no, no. I was merely distracted by your sartorial elegance. There are two people in one of the first class compartments back there.

DOCTOR: Ah, I see. Who were they? Did they see you?

EVELYN: Well, I walked right past them, so I suppose they must have seen me.

(Door slams.)

DOCTOR: Is that one of them?

EVELYN: Yeah. Doesn't look very friendly, does he?

DOCTOR: No. (Yorkshire accent) Er, tickets please, sir.

(Evelyn giggles.)

DOCTOR: (sotto) Shut up. (accent) I'll be needing to see your tickets if you don't mind, sir.

PALMER: What are you doing on this train?

DOCTOR: Well, just doing me job, sir.

PALMER: It's not usual, but here you are.

DOCTOR: Thank you. Oh, oh, oh yes, sir. Thank you.

PALMER: All right?

DOCTOR: Oh yes, sir. Thank you.

PALMER: What's she doing here?

EVELYN: I beg your pardon?

PALMER: Bit late for you to be out, innit, love? Where did you get on?

EVELYN: Guard, are you going to stand there and allow this ruffian to interrogate me in this brusque manner?

DOCTOR: Er, oh, well, ma'am, I think it's probably best.

EVELYN: What? Do you indeed?

DOCTOR: Er, yes.

EVELYN: Oh. Well, er well, not that it's of any of your business, young man, but I joined the train at er Stapley er

DOCTOR: Moor. She got on at Stapley Moor.

EVELYN: Yes, that's right. I knew that. It's just that I'm getting a little forgetful in my old age.

PALMER: Must be.

EVELYN: Yes. Well, indeed.

PALMER: Funny.

EVELYN: Well, charming.

PALMER: No, funny. 'Cos this train doesn't stop at Stapley Moor.

EVELYN: Doesn't it?

PALMER: You should know that.

DOCTOR: Oh, I do, but it did tonight.

PALMER: Did it?

DOCTOR: Didn't you notice? Yeah, didn't you hear? The signal bell. We encountered a red signal, I think. Yes, yes, that was it. Red signal.

PALMER: (sniffs) Maybe. (leaves)

EVELYN: Phew. How did you know the train had stopped at Stapley Moor?

DOCTOR: (normal) I didn't. I just gambled that the station signal bell might be significant. Remember, through that door I heard the train pulling into a station. Maybe this is the only night this train ever stopped at Stapley Moor. At any rate, even if it didn't stop there, our friend clearly wasn't sure. My guess is he's travelled this route quite a few times. He's stuck in a routine, not really concentrating.

EVELYN: Unsavoury sort of chap, wasn't he?

DOCTOR: Unsavoury, but important.

EVELYN: Important?

DOCTOR: Those weren't rail tickets he showed me. They were War Office travel warrants, signed by the Secretary of State himself.

(That would be Anthony Head, in Churchill's government.)

EVELYN: The War Office?

DOCTOR: It seems our only two legitimate passengers are on a mission of national importance.

EVELYN: I wonder what that could be?

DOCTOR: Indeed. But everything in 2197 pointed us here, to this train, on this date.

EVELYN: And if this is going to make any sense at all, we have just two suspects.

DOCTOR: Who you are going to question.

EVELYN: Me? Why me?

DOCTOR: A lonely old lady on a night train? Surely you're in need of some company? I've already seen their warrants. I haven't got an excuse to go in there. Anyway, I need to make certain we're on the right train.

EVELYN: Let's hope his friend is a bit more sociable than he is.

TREVOR: Oh, all right, I give up. Who was she? You know, the Russian spy mistress without a fur hat. God, you're an annoying ape, Palmer. An ape, do you hear me? An ape! Ooo, ooo, ooo. I know you can talk, I heard you on the phone once. Yes, didn't know that, did you. That time we were stuck at the bus depot. Yes, sir, no, sir, three bags full, sir. We're stuck at a bus depot, sir, and I hate Trevor Ridgley, sir.

(Compartment door opens and closes.)

TREVOR: Oh, hello.

EVELYN: Hello, dear. I do hope you don't mind if I join you. It's a bit lonely out there.

TREVOR: Er, no, I'm sure we don't mind. Do we, Mister Palmer? Don't mind him, he never talks.

EVELYN: Really? Well, he was talkative enough to cross-question me out there in the corridor, weren't you, Mister Palmer?

TREVOR: I think it's just me he doesn't talk to. I'm sorry, I haven't introduced myself. Er, Trevor Ridgley. Honoured to meet you, Mrs er?

EVELYN: Doctor Evelyn Smythe.

TREVOR: Doctor? Ooo, how interesting. I didn't know they needed any doctors.

EVELYN: They?

TREVOR: At the base.

EVELYN: The base? Oh, I see.

TREVOR: I presume that's where you're heading.

EVELYN: Oh yes, of course. Aren't we all?

PALMER: Can I see your ticket?

TREVOR: Well, I never. Will wonders never cease? Palmer, do you have a temperature?

PALMER: Ticket, Doctor Smythe.

EVELYN: I'm afraid I gave it to the guard.

PALMER: Right. (leaves)

EVELYN: Oh! Well, really. How rude.

TREVOR: Oh, don't be too hard on him. I'd be very surprised if anybody had taught Palmer that you don't leave a lady's presence without first excusing yourself. And count yourself lucky. At least he spoke to you.

EVELYN: I wonder where he's going?

TREVOR: So, you're a medico, then.

EVELYN: I beg your pardon? Oh, I see. No, no, no. My doctorate is in History.

TREVOR: History? I didn't know they needed historians. Still, nothing should surprise me about that place. None of us knows what the other is working on.

EVELYN: Yes, it does seem a very odd way to run a base, doesn't it?

TREVOR: From what I've heard, Hill Langton is no different from any of the others. It's all hush-hush

nonsense, but what can you do? We've got the brains and our country needs us. Not really in a position to turn them down, are we.

EVELYN: I suppose not.

TREVOR: Besides, I've heard some pretty murky stories about what happens if you don't do what they want you to.

EVELYN: Really?

TREVOR: Yes. Probably just a load of old rot, though. I expect the top brass just put those stories about to scare the rest of us into line. Anyway, I'm not a Communist or anything like that. Are you?

EVELYN: Am I a Communist?

TREVOR: Only joking. Oh dear, you look quite spooked, Doctor Smythe. I'm sorry if I've put the wind up you. I do rattle on, I'm afraid. My mother always used to say the only way you'll get a woman, my lad, is to talk her into submission.

EVELYN: Do I look as though I've submitted?

TREVOR: What? Oh. Oh yes, yes, very funny. Yes, awfully good. So, what exactly do you? Oh, what's the matter with me. Shouldn't ask, should I.

EVELYN: Well, not really, no.

TREVOR: No, it's none of our business, is it? Even if our lords and masters are plotting the end of the world.

PALMER: What were you doing out there?

DOCTOR: (Yorkshire) Oh, er, just er polishing the name plate.

PALMER: What?

DOCTOR: Yeah, the good old Ivy Lee. Can't have her name besmirched by coal dust and grime, can we?

PALMER: Have you got that old bag's travel warrant?

DOCTOR: Old? Travel warrant? Oh, yes, yes, oh, I see.

PALMER: She said she gave it to you.

DOCTOR: Oh well, she did. Of course she did, yes.

PALMER: Well then?

DOCTOR: Oh, but I left it in the er, in, in

PALMER: In what?

DOCTOR: In the guard's van. I'll go and get it. You go back to your seat and I'll bring it out.

PALMER: I'll come with you, thanks all the same.

DOCTOR: Oh. Oh yes, yes, yes, all right then. You er come with me. That's just champion, that is.

EVELYN: What's that?

TREVOR: Oh, the crossword? Want a go? Palmer's useless.

EVELYN: No, you've drawn something, there.

TREVOR: Oh, it's just a doodle.

EVELYN: It looks like a spaceship.

TREVOR: Oh, really? Do you really think so?

EVELYN: Yes. Quite, oh, what's the word, futuristic.

TREVOR: Ha, ha! Stupidistic, if you ask me. (both laugh) No, it's just something I'm work, well, not working on, just messing about with. Just a load of rubbish. Relieves the boredom.

EVELYN: It doesn't look like a load of rubbish to me, Trevor.

TREVOR: The idle fantasies of an over-active imagination, that's what my physics lecturer at Oxford used to call it. Trouble is, I can't help myself.

EVELYN: Can't help yourself?

TREVOR: Yes. Whenever I'm not really thinking about anything in particular, I just start scribbling, almost without knowing I'm doing it.

EVELYN: Really?

TREVOR: Yes.

EVELYN: Well, it looks more than just a scribble or two. It looks very detailed.

TREVOR: Well, I've got it all worked out, you see. (opens briefcase) Look, the truth is I spend far too much time on it, but the stuff they're getting me to do on rocket propulsion is just so boring I. Oh, shouldn't talk about work, should I? Promise you won't tell.

EVELYN: Of course, Trevor. We're just talking about your other work.

TREVOR: What? Oh, ha, yes, I see. My flights of fantasy. Yes, you see here? This is the general idea. I was thinking that one day we'll need something, I dunno, far more powerful. I mean to say, I can't believe mankind's destiny's just to lob intercontinental ballistic missiles at each other. One day

we'll have put all that behind us. We'll want to strike out amongst the stars and. Sorry, I'm talking rot, aren't I?

EVELYN: No, no. Not at all, Trevor. It, it's fascinating.

TREVOR: Oh. Oh, thanks. That's very kind of you, Doctor Smythe.

EVELYN: Oh please, please call me Evelyn.

TREVOR: Evelyn. What a lovely name.

(Door opens and closes.)

PALMER: What the hell are you doing, if you don't mind my asking, Mister Ridgley?

EVELYN: Is there something the matter, Mister Palmer?

DOCTOR: (accent) Oh, there's no need for alarm. We're just

PALMER: That's classified material in that case of yours, Mister Ridgley.

TREVOR: No, it isn't. Well, I mean, it is. There is classified material in my case, but this isn't it. This is just, well

EVELYN: Just your hobby, isn't it, Trevor.

PALMER: Oh, those stupid bleeding doodles of yours.

DOCTOR: Hmm. Very um er imaginative. Enjoying a bit of speculation about the future, were you, madam?

EVELYN: Hmm? I beg your pardon?

PALMER: Just a load of clap-trap, if you ask me.

(Paper being screwed up.)

TREVOR: Hey, steady on, Palmer. That's my only copy.

PALMER: That is not what you're paid for.

EVELYN: It's all right, Trevor. It's all right. I've got it. I've got it.

DOCTOR: Evelyn er madam, are you quite all right?

TREVOR: Oh, thank you, Evelyn. That's very kind of you.

PALMER: Right, you, take me to her travel documents right now.

EVELYN: I think I'll just go and

TREVOR: Evelyn, what are you doing?

PALMER: Sit down, would you please, madam.

EVELYN: No. If it's all the same to you, I'd rather just go for a little walk.

DOCTOR: A little walk? Evelyn.

PALMER: Since when were you on first name terms?

DOCTOR: Oh I er, well, I

PALMER: There's something going on here and I don't like it. Madam, please sit down.

EVELYN: No! I must, I must

TREVOR: Evelyn.

DOCTOR: (normal) Oh no. Evelyn! Evelyn!

PALMER: Right. You, shut up. And madam, if you don't sit down, I shall have to

EVELYN: No! I must!

(Thumps and gasps.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn!

TREVOR: (laughs) Well, I never.

PALMER: She's got a right kick on her.

TREVOR: Knocked down by an old lady. You'll never live it down, Palmer.

DOCTOR: Excuse me, please. Ow!

PALMER: Like being hit by a bleeding brick wall.

DOCTOR: Would you mind getting off me, Mister Palmer.

PALMER: What? Oh.

DOCTOR: Trevor.

TREVOR: What?

DOCTOR: That's your name, isn't it?

TREVOR: Yes, but

PALMER: Here, your voice has changed.

DOCTOR: And if you don't help me, Trevor, a great deal more will change, and not for the better.

TREVOR: What on Earth do you mean?

DOCTOR: Those papers she's taken.

TREVOR: What, those

DOCTOR: Yes, those papers. What are they?

TREVOR: Nothing at all important, just

DOCTOR: It doesn't matter, just tell me exactly what they are, Trevor.

TREVOR: Just a load of nonsense, really.

PALMER: He's always scribbling away at that rubbish. Anyhow, who the hell are you? You're 5, aren't you.

DOCTOR: It doesn't matter who I am. Trevor, the diagrams. They look like spaceship engine designs.

PALMER: Space?

TREVOR: There's no need to get. They're just doodles. Nothing secret of anything. Just silly ideas I jot down to amuse myself from time to time.

DOCTOR: A star drive.

TREVOR: What?

PALMER: I'm going to need to see your papers.

DOCTOR: It was a star drive, wasn't it? I recognise. Did I hear you say it was your only copy?

PALMER: Wait.

TREVOR: Well, yes, I

DOCTOR: No, Evelyn. Evelyn!

(Door opens.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn, what are you doing out here? Come back into the guard's van. Evelyn.

EVELYN: No. No. I must, must

DOCTOR: Must what?

EVELYN: Must.

DOCTOR: There's no door here. No door into nowhere. There's nowhere for you to go. Look at those papers, Evelyn. Did you look at them? What did you see?

EVELYN: Time's End.

DOCTOR: No, it's not Time's End. It's the future. Don't you understand that those scribbles, those idle doodles, they're the seed of mankind's future. Like Leonardo's sketches of helicopters or tanks, way before their time. No one will take any notice of Trevor just now. They'll dismiss him, laugh at him. In 1952 the world was far too preoccupied with devising ways of blowing itself up. Trevor's idea is a tiny seed planted in Time by his idling imagination. Do you see that, Evelyn?

EVELYN: Doctor? Doctor, is that you?

DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, it's me, Evelyn. It's the Doctor.

EVELYN: I can't see you. I can't. All I can see is (train whistle) No. No.

DOCTOR: What is it, Evelyn? What can you see?

EVELYN: No, no. I must, must

DOCTOR: Evelyn, someone, someday, will return to Trevor's ideas. I think someone will find them and see something in them. That's his only copy. You mustn't

EVELYN: Doctor, I can't hear you. I can't hear you. Where are you?

DOCTOR: Evelyn, I'm here. Can't you hear my voice? Come back inside the carriage. You must

EVELYN: Screams. I can only hear the screams. Oh God, Doctor, are you there? It is horrible, horrible.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, I'm holding your hand. That's me. Do you feel that, hmm? Can you hear me now? Evelyn! Evelyn!

EVELYN: I can hear Time's End.

DOCTOR: What? I can't hear you.

EVELYN: Time's End.

DOCTOR: No!

EVELYN: Time's End! Time's End!

VOICES: Time's End!

[Part Four]

EVELYN: (possessed) No. Give me back those papers.

DOCTOR: No, I won't.

EVELYN: Give them back.

DOCTOR: Why? So you can throw them off this train? So that they'll be lost forever? Don't you think Trevor will remember those ideas and put them on paper again?

EVELYN: He will not. If the paper is lost today, mankind will travel no further.

DOCTOR: Evelyn, who am I talking to? Who are you?

EVELYN: Travel no further. Time's End.

DOCTOR: You wanted us to come here, didn't you. That's why I heard the train through the door, the sound of the ticket collector. That was me.

EVELYN: Travel no further.
DOCTOR: You knew this would happen, that I'd come back here. You'd already seen it.
EVELYN: Give me the papers.
DOCTOR: No. Come back to the Tardis with me.
EVELYN: Give me the papers!
DOCTOR: That's it, follow me. Come back inside the train. It's dangerous out there. Come back inside, into the warm.
EVELYN: Give me the papers.
DOCTOR: Don't you want to come back to the Tardis, Evelyn? It's safe in there.
EVELYN: Give me the papers or I'll jump. I'll kill myself. Ah!
PALMER: Gotcha! Give me a hand, then. Blimey, it's like she's welded to the spot.
DOCTOR: Help me get her over here, Palmer.
PALMER: Where?
EVELYN: Travel no further.
PALMER: A police box? What's a police box doing
DOCTOR: Never mind that, just help me.
TREVOR: What the blazes is going on here? What are you doing with her?
PALMER: Shut up, Mister Ridgley, and give us an 'and. This gentleman's a policeman.
TREVOR: Are you?
EVELYN: Travel no further.
TREVOR: How on Earth did you get a police box
DOCTOR: Just help us!
EVELYN: Give me the papers!
TREVOR: The papers? Why?
DOCTOR: Hold her while I open the door.
TREVOR: Oh, er. Pretty strong for her age, isn't she?
DOCTOR: Right, shove her in. Now!
(Effort, Tardis door closed.)
PALMER: Is, is she going to be all right in there?
DOCTOR: More all right than you can possibly imagine. I'll attend to her in a moment. Thank you for your help in this case, Mister Palmer, Mister Ridgley.
PALMER: What case?
TREVOR: Yes, what case? What on Earth could such a charming old lady
DOCTOR: Oh, your department head will of course receive the usual L15, Mister Palmer. I'm sure you understand.
PALMER: Er
TREVOR: Do you?
PALMER: Yes. Course I do.
DOCTOR: And Trevor?
TREVOR: Yes? Would you mind telling me
DOCTOR: Your papers, safe and sound.
TREVOR: What? Oh, those old things.
DOCTOR: And keep them that way.
TREVOR: Keep them?
DOCTOR: Safe and sound. I know you will.
PALMER: Are they important? I thought they were just
DOCTOR: Not just yet, but they will be. Put them somewhere safe. Will you do that for me?
TREVOR: Er, yes. Yes, of course, er, Constable.
DOCTOR: Er, well, it's Detective Inspector, actually.
PALMER: Detective? Listen, I'm afraid I shall have to ask to
DOCTOR: My warrant card. Yes, yes, quite right, of course. It's in the police box. I'll get it in a moment and make sure the er suspect is handcuffed.
TREVOR: Do the Military Police at Hill Langton know about all this?
DOCTOR: RAF Hill Langton? Oh, yes. Yes, they do. Well, they should be waiting for us when we arrive. That is where we're going, isn't it?
PALMER: I would have thought you knew that.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I do. It's just, oh well, I have a terrible habit of catching the wrong train sometimes. Once ended up in Orpington when I was heading for Brockley. Very embarrassing.
TREVOR: Brockley? Where's that?
PALMER: Somewhere in Kent, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Probably. Look, you two, run along back to your compartment, and I'll join you there.

PALMER: You sure you don't need

DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, no, it's fine, honestly. Off you go. See you in a minute. Bye. Er, for now.

(Tardis door closes.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn, are you back with me?

EVELYN: (normal) I've remembered what else I heard.

DOCTOR: Let me guess. Travel no further?

EVELYN: How did you know?

DOCTOR: You were saying it rather a lot just now.

EVELYN: Just now? How did I get back into the Tardis?

DOCTOR: With a lot of pushing and shoving. You don't remember.

EVELYN: No. The last thing I remember is a drawing. A drawing of a

DOCTOR: Spaceship?

EVELYN: Yes. That young man, Trevor, he'd drawn it.

DOCTOR: The man who drew tomorrow.

EVELYN: You mean those designs weren't just idle fantasies? They actually made sense? But how?

DOCTOR: It happens.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

EVELYN: You're taking us back to the Valiant.

DOCTOR: Yes.

EVELYN: And we have to go back, do we?

DOCTOR: I have to. Whatever is behind that door to nowhere, it tricked us into going back to 1952. It wanted mankind's ability to journey into space wiped from history. Trevor's fantasies are the tiny germs from which that ability grew. Destroy that germ of an idea, and the idea may never happen at all.

EVELYN: And that's what I was trying to do, wasn't it? Destroy that idea. I'm starting to remember now. But all I could see was

DOCTOR: Go on.

EVELYN: That mouth.

OPERATIONS [OC]: Task Force in final phase of deceleration. Now in communications range.

OSWIN: At last! This is Valiant. Are you reading me? I have you on track, Exeter. Are you reading my signal? That damn door. It's interfering with the signal.

MAN [OC]: (slightly unclear) This is the Exeter responding to your priority one despatch. Report your situation.

OSWIN: Alien force is located at section seven of lower starboard hull. Extreme danger. Do not approach. The force is, is, taking my crew. We're down to less than one quarter strength.

MAN [OC]: Taking your crew? What exactly do you mean?

OSWIN: It's difficult to explain. It's like a door. It opens and

(The Tardis is materialising.)

OSWIN: The Doctor. It's the Doctor!

MAN [OC]: Say again, Valiant.

OSWIN: Stand by, Exeter. I'll get back to you.

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: Captain, what's been happening?

OSWIN: Where the hell have you been? I thought you said you were going to stop this.

DOCTOR: I know.

OSWIN: Well? What did you do? Is it going to work?

DOCTOR: How many people have you lost?

OSWIN: Hundreds. We've tried freezing. It didn't work. The reinforcement Task Force has just arrived.

DOCTOR: I see.

OSWIN: You don't think it will do any good, do you.

DOCTOR: No, I'm afraid I don't.

OSWIN: We'll see. The Exeter has nuclear weapons.

DOCTOR: I really don't think that's a good idea.

OSWIN: And why not? Oh, don't tell me. Another one of your feelings? Well, I can't afford the luxury of your feelings, Doctor. Not any more. Too many lives have been lost, and I have to use the tools at my disposal. Look up there, on the security screen. We get a ringside view every time it opens.

DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I see.

OSWIN: What are you thinking?
DOCTOR: I'm sizing it up. When was it last open?
OSWIN: It's just closed, but there's no telling when it will open again.
DOCTOR: Evelyn? It's safe to come out.
EVELYN: It doesn't look safe.
DOCTOR: It is until that door opens again.
EVELYN: Which could be any minute now.
OSWIN: What are you going to do? You said you were going to defeat it. You failed, didn't you? It's never going to stop, is it? It's never going to stop. The whole human race is going to be sucked through that door. But why?
EVELYN: Time's End. Travel no further.
OSWIN: What?
DOCTOR: Something or someone wants to stop the human race from travelling any further into space.
OSWIN: Why?
DOCTOR: That's what I'm going to find out. Look after Evelyn for me.
(Tardis door closes.)
EVELYN: Doctor!
OSWIN: Hey! Come back!
(The Tardis dematerialises.)
OSWIN: Now he's run out on you as well.
EVELYN: He'd never do that.
OSWIN: Why the hell did I trust him? What is the matter with me? I actually trusted some mystery alien who (alarm) Here it goes again.
COMPUTER: Door opening.
OSWIN: Maybe it's my turn now.
EVELYN: Well, it's certainly mine. We know that for sure, don't we.
OSWIN: Evelyn, I'm so
EVELYN: Look!
OSWIN: Yes, I know. The bulkheads are going to
EVELYN: No. It's the Tardis.
OSWIN: He's, he's landed it right in front of that door. He said he was sizing it up. He's blocking the doorway! He's blocking that damn thing up!
EVELYN: I hope you know what you're doing, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Drift compensators locked. Here goes. Open sesame.
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: Nothing out there. Nowhere. Time's End. (echoes) That means something to me. Is that what this is? Am I right? (echoes) Can you see me? Do you know I'm here? I'm at the edge of your nothingness. Your nowhere place. And I'm not leaving. You're not dragging another human soul in there. Not if I have anything to do with it. Stalemate. (echoes)

OSWIN: What's he doing? Nothing's happening.
EVELYN: Isn't that a good thing?
OSWIN: What do you mean?
EVELYN: The Doctor and his Tardis have plugged the gap, so to speak. That door is open, but no one is being drawn to it.
OSWIN: What? And that's a solution? What's he going to do, stay there forever?
EVELYN: Oh, you mark my words. He'll, he'll have a plan. I'm sure of it.

DOCTOR: All right, I'm standing right on the edge now. Is that what I'm supposed to do, hmm? What do you want of me, eh? Come on, don't be shy. Or should I just let go, jump in. (sotto) Is that the fear I have to face? (normal) Or do I have to stay here for eternity? Is that the only way I'll stop you? Because if it is, well, I'm here to stop you.
VOICE: Get out of my way.
DOCTOR: Why should I?
VOICE: You don't belong here.
DOCTOR: And you do? I don't think so.
VOICE: I am always here.
DOCTOR: Always? What are you doing? Ah! Trying to shake me off, are you? Well, it won't, won't

work.

OSWIN: My God, look. Look at them.

EVELYN: The Tardis, it's vibrating.

OSWIN: Whoever's behind that door, they're trying to shake free of the Doctor's ship. That means we haven't got long.

EVELYN: Haven't got long for what?

OSWIN: Valiant to Exeter.

MAN [OC]: Exeter. What's happening over there?

OSWIN: Just listen to me. The alien threat is temporarily disabled, but I don't think that's going to last for long. We have to take this opportunity to hit it while it's, I dunno, distracted.

EVELYN: You can't do that.

OSWIN: You have to arm your nuclear weapons and fire everything you've got at it. Blast it out of existence.

EVELYN: And destroy the Tardis? Destroy the one man who can help you?

OSWIN: He's not doing too well so far, is he? Exeter, I'm sending you the coordinates. Prepare to verify.

EVELYN: You're mad! You can't do this! Please!

DOCTOR: The Cloister Bell? Now you've done it. Extending Tardis forcefield. There.

VOICE: Get out of my way.

DOCTOR: No! You're in *my* way. Now I've got you.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

DOCTOR: Ha. Where shall we go, then?

VOICE: I am always here.

DOCTOR: No. Now you're stuck with me. Come on, the universe of Time and Space is our oyster. Make your mind up.

OSWIN: Where's it gone? Where did it go?

EVELYN: The door's gone, too, so you can abandon your ridiculous plan to use nuclear weapons.

OSWIN: We may not be able to see it, but I'm betting it's still there.

EVELYN: You're betting?

OSWIN: Your friend's just taken the door away. How do I know that whatever's behind it hasn't just been set free?

EVELYN: Don't be ridiculous. How on Earth

OSWIN: How on Earth can I be sure? I can't. It's like the Doctor said. None of this makes sense. It's contrary to all the physical laws of the universe.

EVELYN: That's hardly a reason to

OSWIN: Two months you were away. Two months. In that time I had to stand here and watch hundreds of my people get dragged away. To where? Nowhere. That doesn't make any sense! There were some good friends among them, you know.

EVELYN: I understand. I'm so sorry.

OSWIN: And they're dead, aren't they? That's what the Doctor said. Do you believe him?

EVELYN: I er

OSWIN: Of course you do.

EVELYN: Yes.

OSWIN: So do me a favour, Evelyn. Don't bother arguing with me any more.

DOCTOR: Well, we're just drifting for now. What a reluctant companion you are. No favourite pleasure spots you'd like to visit? I'm guessing you're from a space-travelling race, am I right?

TREVOR: Here.

DOCTOR: Trevor?

TREVOR: Coordinates for you.

DOCTOR: What are you doing here?

TREVOR: Feed them into your machine.

DOCTOR: You're not Trevor Ridgley, are you.

TREVOR: Think of me as just a friendly face.

DOCTOR: Show me who you really are.

TREVOR: Feed the coordinates in, or I shall rip your machine apart.

DOCTOR: If you do that. you'll release the energies at the core of the Tardis, and believe me, you

don't want to do that.

TREVOR: Oh, really?

DOCTOR: Yes, really. We'll both be destroyed.

TREVOR: We'll see.

DOCTOR: Very well. Where are we going?

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

TREVOR: You'll see.

DOCTOR: What's out there? Tell me. What is it?

TREVOR: Time's End.

(The Tardis materialises.)

TREVOR: I am always here. Now you will be too.

MAN [OC]: Multiple nuclear warhead arming. Final phase.

OSWIN: Very well. Proceed.

MAN [OC]: Target confirmed. Valiant, are you sure?

OSWIN: I'm sure.

EVELYN: Quite apart from anything else, you'll destroy us. This ship, your precious Task Force, and everyone on board.

OSWIN: It's time for us to evacuate. Ops, all surviving crew members to disembark and shuttle across to Exeter. Are you coming with us, Evelyn?

EVELYN: The Doctor

OSWIN: The Doctor's gone. He's gone, just like the others. He's not coming back. I can't force you.

EVELYN: He'll come back. I know he will.

OSWIN: I admire your faith in him. Goodbye.

(Electronic wailing)

DOCTOR: Can't you turn it down, whatever it is, or do I have to spend eternity listening to that?

Perhaps I should rupture the Time Core of the Tardis. At least it'll be a merciful release for my ears.

(Sound stops.)

TREVOR: Aren't you curious to see? Come and have a look. (footsteps) I am here. I am always here.

DOCTOR: That's you? That's the real you? I don't recognise the species.

VOICE: Time's End.

DOCTOR: Oh, the mouth. The mouth that Evelyn saw.

TREVOR: Look inside.

DOCTOR: No.

TREVOR: You're afraid.

DOCTOR: Yes.

TREVOR: Look inside.

DOCTOR: Inside. Look inside. (cacophony) Oh, no! What have you done? What were those creatures? Billions upon billions of them, crushed, pulverised by, by what? What force could

TREVOR: You ask a lot of questions, don't you. I thought you were clever.

DOCTOR: Oh, don't talk to me about clever! There's nothing clever about this at all. This is an accident, isn't it? We're in some kind of space capsule, aren't we? I don't recognise the technology, but I'm getting a general flavour. Star drive controls. You have engines for warping space and travelling faster than light. Let me guess. Something went wrong, judging by the look on your face, mouth, wide open. I've never seen a creature like this before in my life. Nothing like it. But I know fear when I see it. That's absolute terror, etched onto the face of a being who thinks he's about to die.

VOICE: I am dead.

DOCTOR: And yet you're talking to me. Well, what is this, the land of the dead, hmm? Is that supposed to scare me?

TREVOR: You know where we are, and you are scared.

DOCTOR: Time's End? Doesn't exist.

TREVOR: Doesn't it?

DOCTOR: No. No, it doesn't. It's just a theory.

TREVOR: What a pity my people didn't know that when they constructed this craft. You are clever.

DOCTOR: Who are your people? Where are they from?

TREVOR: There, on the screen.

DOCTOR: I don't recognise. Wait a minute. The continents. But, it can't be. That's Earth, as it was fifty billion years ago.

MAN: We're ready to fire.

OSWIN: Thank you. Begin missile ignition sequence.

MAN: We're reading one lifeform still on board your ship. A human life. You must have left someone.

OSWIN: I know. Begin ignition sequence.

TREVOR: Your friends, the humans. You think they're the only civilisation that ever evolved on that planet?

DOCTOR: What are you saying?

TREVOR: You saw something that scared you. What was it?

DOCTOR: I don't know. I'm not sure.

VOICE: The next species.

DOCTOR: The next? And those creatures I saw inside your mouth? Oh, no, no, no, this doesn't make sense. It's insane. An insane nightmare. I won't

TREVOR: Won't believe it? But you can.

DOCTOR: Time's End. The theoretical point at which all cosmic laws break down, like light and Time bending through a black hole, but unimaginably worse. All the physical forces of the universe depleted and distorted. Every interaction between matter, energy and time beyond all reason. The final moment of destruction for everything. An insane maelstrom of utter chaos caught in the moment before nothing. Nowhere. No time or space.

TREVOR: And for those caught in that moment, a moment without time or any physical laws to govern it, it is an eternity. An eternity with all the chaotic forces of Time and Space at our disposal. An eternity where anything is possible, except

DOCTOR: Except reason.

TREVOR: Yes.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry. I am so sorry. But how did this happen? Perhaps I could, yes, yes, let me look at these controls. I could find out what happened, put it right. Oh, but then. Oh no.

TREVOR: But then if you put it right, your precious human race would never have existed.

DOCTOR: What's been going on here? What have you been doing?

TREVOR: You know the answer.

DOCTOR: Those creatures, they're all somehow species that have evolved on Earth, aren't they?

TREVOR: Earth. It's been known by many, many names in countless languages.

DOCTOR: What happened to those species?

TREVOR: What happened to us. Our first mission to travel beyond this solar system.

DISTORTED VOICE: Am experiencing severe sensory distortion. Must be the effects of the time warping. Coordinates set. Am proceeding with launch. Three, two, one, ignition.

DOCTOR: And your entire species was ripped out of Time and Space, the accident was that bad. The forces released, so terrible.

TREVOR: And billions of other dominant races have evolved since.

DOCTOR: Billions? But I didn't recognise a single one of them. You're saying all of those races have been ripped out of Time? Why? How?

TREVOR: Your precious human race is only the latest. There will be others. That's what you saw on Earth, as you call it. The next species. That's what scared you. That's what you thought was so wrong.

DOCTOR: And each time each race reaches the edge of the solar system, what, you proclaim travel no further and the entirety of a whole intelligent species and their history are sucked through your doorway and out of Time and Space as if they never existed? Reduced to that screaming singularity of pulverised matter inside your, your mouth?

TREVOR: Anything is possible at Time's End.

DOCTOR: You're committing genocide. Eternally! Why?

TREVOR: We dreamed of travelling the cosmos. It was our right. Our right! Why should anyone else have it?

DOCTOR: And that's it? The reason you've done all this, you're jealous?

TREVOR: Betrayed! Overlooked!

DOCTOR: What went wrong? What exactly caused the accident? Was there a malfunction? Was it a fault in the power balance matrix, the coordinate setting? What? Tell me.

TREVOR: Well, we don't exactly know.

MAN: Ignition checks complete. Now ready for launch. Captain?

OSWIN: I'm sorry, Doctor, Evelyn. Fire missile.

EVELYN: She did it. She did it! She really did it. Oh Doctor.

DOCTOR: There's a mis-setting of the coordinates there, do you see? The coordinates you've set would create, well, the hyperspatial equivalent of a Möbius strip. Your engines would be caught up in their own time warp. Don't you see? You made a mistake. In the heat of the moment, you made a mistake. Human, or whatever you are, error. A simple mistake, but with catastrophic. No, wait a minute.

TREVOR: Can you put it right?

DOCTOR: This wouldn't have been enough.

TREVOR: Put it right.

DOCTOR: Oh, I can do that, yes, but you don't understand. This simple mistake would have just, I don't know, caused your death, your ship's destruction, but not the catastrophe that ripped your entire race's existence out of Time. Something else.

TREVOR: Change the coordinates. Please. You still have the rationale, the reason, in your mind. All we have, all we have is

DOCTOR: Is your jealousy. Your bitterness about your unfulfilled dreams, your sense of failure.

TREVOR: No!

DOCTOR: Yes! That's what has led you to commit genocide billions of times over. And it's all because you fear that your existence meant nothing. Because you failed. And you thought that gave you the right to destroy every chance the Earth has had of producing a successful species. You've reduced them all to nothing, dragged them out of Time and condemned them to eternal suffering. What you have done is so diabolical it's almost beyond comprehension.

TREVOR: We were cheated! We deserve a second chance!

DOCTOR: You cheated yourselves. You were fallible, that's all. You made a simple mistake because you couldn't read your instrumentation properly.

TREVOR: Then correct the settings, please. All of Time is here, now. Correct the settings and you will save us.

DOCTOR: If I save you, then none of the other species will have existed, the human race and all its countless unknown predecessors. In a way, I'll be as bad as you.

TREVOR: Please, please.

DOCTOR: And yet there's something missing. Something that turned a simple deadly mistake into a catastrophe that propelled you to Time's End. What was it? Some huge influx of power? Raw energy, perhaps.

TREVOR: It doesn't matter. Please change the coordinates.

DOCTOR: But I've seen the future of the human race. They do succeed in travelling beyond the solar system. They develop star drives, almost exactly like the one the real Trevor theorised. The humans live your dream.

VOICE: Our dream. It is ours. Ours!

DOCTOR: And that's why I'm here. Why I had to face my fear. To make sure the destiny of Earth is safe. That's my purpose at this point in history. But what should I do?

TREVOR: You know what you must do.

DOCTOR: I'll tell you what. I'll do what I always do.

TREVOR: What's that?

DOCTOR: My best. I don't know what the consequences will be. I can only guess. But, there. The coordinates are changed. It's a linear path now. One that at least makes sense.

TREVOR: Thank you. You've saved us.

DOCTOR: I don't think it's up to me.

TREVOR: What do you mean? This is the moment the accident happened. Now you've changed the settings, we will survive.

DOCTOR: Except that in the insane logic of Time's End, you're hear at the end of Time, you're on the verge of your first star drive mission. You're in 2197AD, and probably in countless other times too. Everywhere and nowhere. Time and Space are distorted beyond all shape and reason. There's no order to events. Something that happened millennia ago could happen in the next second. And as I remember, one Captain Tanya Oswin had a plan. A rash blunt plan typical of the military mind. I advised her against it. But a woman like her. She'd taken a gamble on me once and I'd let her down badly. She was never going to risk that again.

TREVOR: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: That sound. Do you hear it?

TREVOR: What is it?

DOCTOR: You didn't notice it, did you, in all the stress you were under. The pressure, the warping of

Time as your star drive engaged. See, on this panel? See? A massive influx of raw energy. Nuclear energy.

TREVOR: I don't understand. Explain what you mean.

DOCTOR: There isn't time, for you. Goodbye.

(Tardis door opens and closes. The Tardis dematerialises. Implosion.)

(The Tardis materialises. Tardis door opens.)

EVELYN: Doctor?

DOCTOR: I, I couldn't save them. All those other races.

EVELYN: You've seen them, haven't you? The faces, screaming.

DOCTOR: Oh yes, I saw them. And now they're lost forever. I changed the coordinates, the missile exploded, and that nowhere place moved. I wonder where? Maybe all the way to Time's End.

EVELYN: Doctor, tell me what happened.

DOCTOR: Sorry, Evelyn. You probably thought I'd

EVELYN: You'd left me to get blown up in a nuclear explosion, yes.

DOCTOR: Really?

EVELYN: Well, only for a moment.

DOCTOR: O ye of little faith. Is everything all right? Are you all right?

EVELYN: Yes. Yes, I am now. But I was, well, scared.

DOCTOR: Fear, it's a powerful thing.

EVELYN: Doctor, will the doorway come back?

DOCTOR: No, I don't think it will.

EVELYN: So, what was in there, behind that door?

DOCTOR: A blind alley for history.

EVELYN: A blind alley?

DOCTOR: But we shut it off.

EVELYN: We?

DOCTOR: Oh, Tanya and I. She fired the missile. It's what made that nowhere place possible. But I changed the coordinates.

EVELYN: So you said. Coordinates of what?

DOCTOR: Well, I changed something very important, and Tanya still fired her missile, the same as she's always done.

EVELYN: Always? Doctor, I don't under

DOCTOR: In a way, every moment of time is happening all at once. That's certainly how it was at Time's End. I changed the coordinates. I changed the trajectory of their ship so this time Tanya's missile was the force that destroyed the nowhere place, and billions of possible timelines evaporated.

EVELYN: Was that the right thing to do?

DOCTOR: I have to believe that. I choose to believe that. It's a matter of established historical fact that the human race did travel outside the solar system and populate the galaxy and beyond.

EVELYN: So you did do the right thing.

DOCTOR: I did my best. What else can anyone do?

EVELYN: Well, you could tell me exactly what it was behind that doorway. Exactly what I saw and heard when I was being drawn in. That mouth, and those screams. The terrible feeling of

DOCTOR: Do you need to know? Do you really need to know?

EVELYN: I er

DOCTOR: All right, answer me this. What did it feel like?

EVELYN: It, it was, it was. No, no, I don't need to know.